



# Magic World



892 108 73

## Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Alexander was finally here. He was finally at the Decision. The 16 years of his life had lead up to this moment.

Any child born with Magic in their blood was instantly filed as a Wizard, and taken to the Worldwide Mage Institution for a chance to become a certified Mage. Alexander had been one of the lucky three percent that passed all of the exams and then survived the True Test, an ugly ordeal where the student was put far underground in a lightless chamber for three weeks, armed only with his or her Magic, not even allowed to bring clothes.

Alexander had come out of that chamber fully clothed, well fed, and very happy with himself. The Sage Council had been very impressed.

So here Alexander was. At the decision that would influence how he used his magic for the rest of his life.

"Alexander Oakwood, you have passed the True Test and are about to become a certified Mage, assuming a very honorable and prestigious place in society, and an elite role in the military. You are here today to choose which branch of Magic you will study for the next five years."

"The branches of Magic are:

Elemental.

Life

Necromancy

Summoning

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Shapeshifting.

Illusions."

"Alexander Oakwood, what is your choice?"

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



Alexander smiled knowing what he was about to do. He would have been scared, if he didn't truly believe he had a great destiny...

He cleared his throat and then spoke loudly, " I choose to forgo my rite of selection and choose to be sorted by /The cloch Fhealsúnaí/!"

A small gasp ran collectively throughout the crowd. It was an ancient and dangerous tradition. The real reason it had been done away with however, was that the last person to be selected had been sorted /outside/ of the six categories. He manifested unknown and extremely powerful techniques. That person created unprecedented problems and his followers shook the foundations of the magic world. That man was Magnus Oakwood and he was Alexander's grandfather.

The proctor of the examine looked like he had seen a ghost. "Well, I suppose it is your right to choose method of selection... but do you really want to - to have the rest of your life chosen for you by some stone?"

"Fate is not kind to the faint of heart, sir. I do," Alexander reply confidently.

The man who had spoken to him then turned away and nodded at two of the guards who turned around and left.

"If you will wait a moment, they shall retrieve the artifact."

"I have waited my whole life for this, I can wait a minute longer."

Chapter 3 by Phantim

See more of Story Wars



Moments later the two soldiers were standing between them. The chest was ornate with intricate engravings and small embellishments. What was most noticeable, however, were the large locks and chains that covered the chest.

Login

or

Create new account

Alexander knew without counting that there were five locks and each of the five elders of the school council held a key. It was amusing how scared they were of this object. The cloch Fhealsúnaí or Philosopher's Stone was a powerful artifact in it's own right, he supposed. In the wrong hands it could be used for great evil, but there was several objects in the wizarding world that were more dangerous.

He still suspected it was their fear of someone being named outside of the six classes. It had happened a hundred times in the past, but it wasn't until he grandfather scared them that they had ever thought it was a bad thing. I mean, historically speaking most of the great wizards had been a special type of magus. The very founder of the Academy had been sorted as one of the only three /Time/ magisters ever. The six categories might help keep the magi more unified, but it also certainly made them weaker... Alexander knew the prophecy though. That one day the savior of the wizarding world would be chosen by the stone. /Magister Magorum/ the ultimate wizard...

Finally the magistrate council finished unlocking the chest, it opened revealing a large red crystal covered in intricate etchings and patterns that seemed to be constantly moving and shimmering.

Alexander strode up to it confidently and stuck his hand out, placing it against the cool stone. Then hot white light shot from it and seared his hand... the marking that would reveal his nature. He looked down at the symbol and couldn't believe his eyes. The head mage came over and looked as well, before letting out a gasp.

"Demon lord!" he shouted!

#### Chapter 4 by Phantim



/No... /this can't be happening/, Alexander's mind was a mess. He had not expected this... wanted this. Demon Lord, there had been one before...

The crowd was all murmuring amongst themselves and the council members were clamoring up to the box to reseal the stone, as if the damage wasn't already done.

See more of Story Wars

"Seal it now!" one of the council members yelled.

Login

or

Create new account

"NO! Wait..." It was a girl from Alexander's class. A quiet girl who never really seemed to get much attention. Her outburst was unprecedented. "I wish to be sorted as well," she said with determination. She walked up to the stone before anyone said anything else and placed her slender hand on the stone. She felt warm light radiate within her and then blue lines of energy shot into her hand. The lines raced up her arms and into her eyes which began to emanate a soft blue glow. Along her arm was burned six runes... one for each of the core branches of magic... /Magister Magorum/...

She then turned to the other boy on the stage with her. "Nice to finally meet you, Alexander," the girl said shyly and extended her freshly runed hand to him.

### Chapter 5 by voldeharry



Alexander decided to shake her hand once, jealous that she had been chosen as the Magister Magorum, not him. He jerked his hand back, glaring at her, his palm burned from the girl's freshly sorted hand.

"Sorry Alex!" the girl apologized, drawing her hand back, nearly burning herself. "My name is Moriah."

Alexander was in shock. I was supposed to be the Wizard that saved the Wizarding World! How could this girl possibly be the ultimate magician?

"Hi," Alexander replied quickly, staring at the blue rune charred on her slender, tan arms that represented Moriah as the ultimate mage, the one that would save the magic world.

Zaquar, the proctor of the examine scoffed. "Alexander and Moriah, please continue this business at a later time, we have a highly dangerous item in the Wizarding world to deal with." Alexander rolled his eyes when suddenly the Crystal started to shine a blinding white light.

"DAMN!" the same magister screeched at the top of his lungs. "I TOLD YOU TO SEAL THAT STONE!!!" Hurriedly, he and the two guards sprinted across the room to the Council's ornate

oak table, specially created by the finest of craftsmen in the magical lands, which was now barely visible from the searing fire. See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

As the Council rushed over, the Crystal exploded in a blaze of fire, flames licking at the guards and Zaquar. An eerie scream emitted from the frenzy of fire that

engulfed the chest.

"Everyone except Alexander, follow me!" Zaquar barked, choking on the thick smoke that emerged from the fire. Zaquar hurried in all of the students and the Sage Council through a hidden door that was disguised as a painting of each magical branch. Moriah and Alexander were the only ones left in the room. "Moriah! What the HELL are you doing? Get in the escape chute now! Do you know what this artifact can do?"

"Well, I don't want to leave Alex alone by himself to fight a demon that he's clearly not trained to handle!" Moriah shouted through the smoke which was already clouding the room in a gray haze. Moriah smiled at Alexander.

"WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS BULL--"

BOOM!

## Chapter 6 by Smurffi\_IX



A cloud of smoke and ash surrounded the stone. Two eyes glittered and when the ash settled a horned daemon stood there. Tall as two adult men and covered in fiery red scales and a black sword across the back. Instead of feet it had great black hooves and in it's clawed grip it held a hammer, which scorched the floor when it fell to the floor.

Moriah didn't waste a second. A light extended from her hand and the rune on her arm started to shine intensely. A ball flew through the air and hit the daemon in the stomach while whipping up all the dust that had settled on the floor. When it cleared Moriah was horrified. Her blow had no effect on the thing. The daemon hardly saw her. It only stepped toward Alexander, who made himself ready to defend. But to everyone's surprise it bowed down before Alexander and held out the sword.

"We have awaited your arrival for a long time." Without knowing why, Alexander took the sword. Instantly it was light up by a flame. He barely heard the daemons last words before it dissipated.

"Alexander, you're a hero!"

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 7 by Catherine Grace Smith

Alexander stood there, his

Login

or

Create new account

Moriah just stared at him. Alexander didn't speak or came well, picking at his hand.

"Augh!" Expecting to be burned he dropped the sword and stepped away from it, to avoid burning or stabbing his feet. The moment the sword left his hands its flame went out. It was about to clatter to the ground when it stopped and lifted, hovering at eye level. It seemed to be humming.

Waiting.

Alexander chose to take all this in one step at a time. He examined his hand to find he was completely undamaged. He carefully took the sword's handle and it lighted again. He placed his hand in the flame and came out undamaged.

"Hah! The fire's just for show. See?" He took Moriah's hand and put it into the flame before she could object. She yanked it away with a yelp and quickly doused it in a nearby goblet of water.

"What? It doesn't do any-" He looked down at her hand, which had very clearly been on fire.

"Ohmygod, I didn't know... I'm sorry!" Moriah simply backed away from him.

He glared at the sword, which had resumed its place at eye level when he dropped it. He glared at it. "Go away!" he shouted at the pitch black thing hovering before him. It hummed a little louder and flung forward. Then it hovered, waiting, on the other side of the room.

He looked around him. The others were staring at him with something he didn't like and didn't expect.

Fear.

"I'm SO sorry. I don't know what is happening... Just..." He started to cry and dropped to his knees. "Help me..."

Moriah looked at him. Then she looked at her hand. Then she looked at him again and walked over, patting his arm. "Obviously, we will."

**Chapter 8 by Catherine Grace (doctor who addict)**



Alexander slowly stood up and wiped at his eyes. "You will?"

See more of Story Wars

"ABSOLUTELY NOT!" So

up to them. He grabbed M

dangerous! He'll destroy us all!"

Login

or

Create new account

ed to see Zaquar running  
wards the exit. "He's too

Moriah looked shocked for a moment, then stomped one foot on the ground. Ripples of blue light spread from the spot she had stomped and Zaquar went flying away from her.

"He deserves to be helped, at least as much as I do!" She was glaring at Zaquar. "I know you plan to help me use my power, to train me. Train Alex, too."

Zaquar stood and brushed off. "It isn't that simple. We have NO IDEA what he can do! He must be destroyed!!" Zaquar raised one arm and a trail of green magic shot from his palm, heading for Alexander. Moriah screamed for Alex, but she was not fast enough to stop the deadly ray launching at him.

Before he knew it, Alex had shouted, "DEFEND!" He didn't know why. It just spilled out of him. He braced himself for death. When none came, he opened his eyes.

His black sword had zoomed back and deflected the blow.

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account